

I-7





THE  
BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

CONDUCTED BY THE

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

OF THE

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

OF THE

Reformed Presbyterian Church.

---

For Christ's Crown and Covenant.

---

1857.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED FOR THE BOARD, BY  
GEORGE H. STUART, TREASURER,  
NO. 13 BANK STREET.  
1857.



THE  
Banner of the Covenant.

---

FEBRUARY, 1857.

---

SKETCHES OF EDINBURGH.

IN our last we gave a brief sketch of what is interesting about "Old Holyrood." The abbey adjoining the palace was founded, according to historians, by King David I, a man who, for his munificence and liberality, far exceeded any of the princes that ever sat on the Scottish throne. In his munificence the church chiefly was the object of his bounty; and mother Rome, to show her love for the dear prince, had him canonized, and all monastic chroniclers are enthusiastic in their praises of St. David. The sarcastic witticism which James I uttered at his grave, that "he was ane sair Saint for the Crown," was at least a broad hint, that to receive some Popish favors he had squandered much of the royal bounty. But after-ages have placed him in a purer light. A man of a large heart and a clear mind, he saw that in those dark, stormy, and unlettered times, gifts to the church were only contributions for the advancement of learning. And, as Buchanan has said, "A more perfect exemplar of a good king is to be found in the reign of David I, than in all the theories of the learned and ingenious." The abbey was founded in 1128 of the present era, but its glory is past, and there remains nothing now of its former greatness but the ruins of what was once Scotland's chief attraction, and with which are associated many things of deepest interest. Near to the palace and abbey, on the one side, is Arthur's Seat, an immense mountain, some eight hundred feet in height; around its base a beautiful road has been made, called "*The Queen's Drive*." From the top of Arthur's Seat the prospect is magnificent; the country all around is full of interest, and many objects of attraction are here to be seen. On the opposite side of the palace is Calton Hill, another prominent place, but not more than half the elevation of the former. Ascending it you see several monuments dotting its side—Dugald Stewart's, Robert Burns's, Playfair's, and Hume's—the ruins also of an intended national monument (which is now denominated a monument of pride and poverty), and on the highest spot Nelson's monument;

the prospect here is also beautiful—sea and land, mountain and valley, river and streamlet, city and village. In the distance the Cheviot, the Grampian, and the Pentland Hills; the latter overtopped by the still loftier and more distant Lammermoors. Art has tried to add to nature's beauties its embellishments, for you look also upon the cenotaphs of the illustrious dead. Men of fame in philosophy, in arts, and science, in poetry, and last, though not least, in religion. You stand here truly surrounded with the beautiful. Scotland is a second Switzerland, with its lofty mountains, furrowed with ravines of vast depth, walled in by precipices of immense height, and interspersed with deep glens. The admirer of nature is lost in admiration, and is led "from nature up to nature's God." Starting on a tour through the city there is also much to interest. Leaving Holyrood as our starting-point, as we proceed through the old town, we are particularly arrested by the ancient appearance of its dwellings. Although the hand of modern improvement has been there, yet still the ancient, in its streets, its houses, its general appearance, is so prevalent that one almost fancies himself carried back two or three centuries, to speak with the worthies of other days, and this produces a strange impression on the mind. We cannot restrain the feeling of veneration for the old, the worthy, and the great; and one feels as if standing on holy ground, and in the presence of the great men of other days. The houses generally bear marks of other days in their appearance and style of architecture; very high, of almost every form, with dark narrow chambers and small straight entries. In these old relics lived those men, whose deeds of noble daring, have immortalized alike the men and houses. Here a Bruce, in his highest glory, held his court; a Murray and a Douglass, a Hamilton and a Stuart have gathered here their forces, and plotted their deeds of darkness and of death. Here, too, the same old building, where the lords of the Covenant gathered often to read the oracles of God, and renew their allegiance to their king, Christ their Lord. As we walk through this part of the city, scarcely a house we pass, but were it gifted with the power of speech, would appear as the chronicler of some mighty, noble, daring deed. Here, too, the Christian, above all, has his attention arrested, as he proceeds up the Canongate, by a building whose architecture, &c., we will not attempt to describe. Just at the top of this street, where it narrows very abruptly, stands the house referred to,—the house of the great reformer, John Knox. It adjoins the head of the Netherlow, and was the residence of Knox from 1559 till 1572. It was originally provided by the town for him, being its first parish minister, shortly after the Reformation, and it is said to be the oldest private stone building now existing in the neighborhood. It is entered by a flight of steps on the outside, admittance had by ticket (sixpence each). A lady is in waiting to receive visitors, who conducts them through the various apartments. The principal rooms of the house are now used as a museum, on a small scale, where curiosities are gathered from almost every part



of the world. These were not the object of our visit, but the house, in view of its former associations; and as we pass through it, and look at its old-fashioned parlor, its sitting-room, its bed-room, what strange feelings pass over us. We were anxious to look into Knox's study, the place where were prepared those sermons that shook the thrones of Britain; that sent terror to the hearts of the Papal hierarchy, before which many a heart trembled, and whose sound is yet carried as on the wings of the wind, and stamping the nations of the earth with their godlike truth. We entered it, and there in a little room, perhaps not more than eight feet by six, if even that, the identical spot where often walked the man whose spirit now hovers over the Christian world. In one corner the chair on which he sat. Think it not, my dear reader, a small privilege to sit on that chair: we sat down on it, while the soul was lifted up in prayer, beseeching God for a portion of the energy, the faithfulness of him of whom it could be said, he never feared the face of man; and at last for the enjoyment of a heaven with a Knox and kindred spirits. On the outside of the house, immediately above the ground floor, is an inscription, in large Roman characters, very much obliterated and almost illegible, which runs thus: "Lyfe God above al, and yovr nichbovr as ye self." On the angle of the building is a small grotesque effigy of Knox. He is represented as in a Presbyterian pulpit, and pointing to a stone, on which is carved the name of God in Greek, Latin, and English. Adjoining this effigy is the window, called the "preaching window," out of which it was his custom to address the populacc. To this house Knox brought his first wife, in 1559, and his second, Margaret Stewart, daughter of the "good Lord Ochiltree," in 1563. Here he received the messengers of Queen Mary, the nobles of the court, and the leaders of the congregation. Here, also, assembled the Earls of Murray, Morton, and Glencairn, Lords Boyd, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Ochiltree, and many others, agents of the court, as well as its most resolute opponents. And here councils have been matured that exercised a lasting influence on the nation's destinies; here also John Knox died, after a life of eminent and distinguished usefulness, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, on the 24th of November, 1572. As we left it, we looked upon it as a sacred spot, and could not but offer the prayer, that the ruins long might stand as a testimony against error and for the truth. Near to Knox's house is the famous Moray House, the ancient residence of the Earl of Moray, used now as a Free Church Normal School. It is said, that in this house Oliver Cromwell had his home when in Edinburgh, and the place is still pointed out in the garden where the "Treaty of Union" was partly signed. In front is a balcony, from which the Marquis of Argyle looked down on the Marquis of Montrose, when he was conducted to prison, previous to his execution. Proceeding up the Canongate we come to St. Giles's Church, memorable in church history by many things, and not the least by an humble woman, Jenny Geddes. When Popish innovations were being introduced into the service of

God. Jenny, inspired with feelings of abhorrence to everything that smelt of Popery, lifted the little stool on which she sat, threw it at the bishop in his desk, uttering the immortalized expression, "Ye'll no say mass at my lug." This was the watchword of an indignation—the embryo of Scotland's deliverance from the crushing grasp of Roman power. St. Giles's Church stands in Parliament Square; it is a strange-looking building, and though one sees in it much that is modern from its frequent repairs, yet there it stands with many marks of its ancient character. It is divided into three different churches, occupied each Sabbath by as many ministers. One almost loses the feeling of veneration usually experienced on entering a church, as we enter into it. It has a gloomy and filthy appearance, and is not much better than it looks; though one would think, from the number of attendants, it might be kept clean. In the year 1466 this church was made a collegiate church by James III, and is said to have contained forty altars. At the Reformation the sacred vessels and relics were seized and sold by the magistrates, and the proceeds were devoted to repairing the building. Within the former cemetery of the church, on which now stands the old Parliament buildings, lie the remains of the celebrated John Knox; it is nothing but an open square, and the place is pointed by the guide where Knox is buried, some fifteen or sixteen feet in the rear of the building: it has nothing to mark it out, and we could not refrain from expressing our indignation at the authorities who thus act towards the ashes of Scotland's deliverer. To the southwest of St. Giles is the Parliament House: here, in the times of Scotland's regal glory, its legislature met. The house is large, measuring 122 feet by 49. It has a fine old oaken floor and arched roof, and is still adorned with statues of Lord Melville, Lord President Blair, and others. A corridor connects this building on the west side, with the Advocate's Library, in which are found fine busts of Bacon, Hume, Erskine, Lord Jeffrey, and others. The library contains about 150,000 volumes and nearly 2000 MSS. Here, also, are documents memorable in the history of the Church: the Original Covenants, the National Covenant of Scotland, and the Solemn League and Covenant.

We could not but look back upon the past, as we gazed with a holy admiration on those documents, and there read the names, and saw the signatures of such men as signed those ever-memorable documents—glorious event in the history of Scotland and the Church of Christ; *that* that delivered from the power of the man of sin, and gave to the nation the principles of freedom, and to the Church a deliverance from the deepest degradation. We thought of the men, and the principles for which those men lived, signed, fought, and died; and our heart clung closer to those principles as the prayer rose, Would that the spirit of those noble men, of whom the world was not worthy, were more abounding in our own times. We thought of the moorland wastes, of the days of darkness and blood, of the swords that were unsheathed, of the brows that were darkened, of the hills that rang with the deep

mournful music; and we could almost conceive in the distance the flashing musket, the gleaming sword, the cloven helmet, the dark flashing eye, the strong unbending form; and over all rose, on the calm, serene air, as if wafted recently from the fields of blood, from the moorlands of Wellwood, from the plains of Airmoss, the mountain sides, or the Bridge of Bothwell, the sweet, the sacred, and the heavenly strains of David's Psalms. And we could well conceive the occasion that was to Hyslop the cause of his Song of Dream, for with him we could see that

“When the righteous had fallen, and the combat had ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;  
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.  
A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.  
On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,  
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding:  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before you,  
A crown never-fading, a kingdom of glory.”

Not far from Parliament Square is the University, an immense building, the charter for which was issued as early as 1582 by James VI, though the foundation of the present building was not laid till 1789, and the building was not completed till 1823. It is in the form of a quadrangle, having a handsome portico in front supported by Doric pillars, each being a single stone 26 feet in height. The museum attached to the University is said to be the best in Scotland; the collection is very large: there the lovers of the curious may spend days with pleasure and profit. The library contains upwards of 90,000 volumes. It might be said that the object of attraction in the old town, from its immense elevation, is the Castle: indeed, it is the most prominent feature of the city, and forms one of its many objects of interest. It is situated on the top of an elevated basaltic rock, at the western extremity of the ridge on which the old town is built; the approach to it is narrow, and is commanded by a half-moon battery bristling with cannon. The buildings are very irregular, and have a bold, picturesque appearance. On a high platform, called the Bomb Battery, facing the north and overlooking the new town, stands the celebrated monster gun, Mons. Meg, said to have been made in Brittany in 1486; it is built of iron staves hooped like a cask, and has a bore of 20 inches diameter, for a long time it was kept in the Tower of London, but finally restored to Edinburgh in 1829. Among the places of note in the Castle is Queen Mary's room: a relic of her of whom it might well be said:

“If to her lot some human errors fall,  
Look at her face, and you'll forget them all.”

In the anteroom are portraits of Mary, when Dauphin of France, and of her son James VI; also a print of her landing on her escape at Lochleven, and a genealogical table, showing the kings

of Scotland, and the descent of Queen Victoria, through the Anglo-Saxon, Scottish, and Norman lines. In a small room, known as Queen Mary's, James the Sixth, of Scotland, and First of England, was born; the ceiling is tastefully painted, divided into four compartments, in which are the royal initials I. R. and M. R. alternately; the room has but one window, out of which the infant king was let down in a basket, some 250 feet, to the ground, and conveyed to Stirling Castle, where he was baptized in the Roman Catholic faith. Opposite the window the royal arms are elaborately painted, and underneath the following prayer, in black letters, called Mary's prayer:

“Lord Jesus Chryst that crownit was with Thornse,  
 Preserve the Birth quhais Badgie heir is borne.  
 And send hir Sonne Successione to Reigne still  
 Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy will.  
 Als Grant O Lord quhat ever of Hir proceed  
 Be to Thy Glorie Honer and Prais Sobied.

Year 1566—Birth of King James—Month 19 Junii.”

In the room is an old oaken chair, used by Mary as the first she sat on after the birth of James, and a piece of a thorn tree planted by her own hands. Opposite to the passage of the entrance to the Queen's room is the dungeon of the “French prisoners,” hewn out of the solid rock, where forty occupied one cell. Below her room is another vaulted dungeon, excavated out of the solid rock, and still retains the staple of an iron chain used to confine prisoners. Many other objects of interest are shown in the Castle. Among the chief of these, the Regalia of Scotland, consisting of the Crown, the Sceptre, the Sword of State, and the Mace. I had thought of describing these fully, but afraid of occupying too much space, I forbear for the present. As we looked upon these glittering jewels, in imagination we looked back to the days when in use, from that to the present; and we thought of the times of trouble that were, and the days of peace that are. Scotland's regal glory is departed! Its Marys and its Jameses, where are they?—relics only remain. But though Scotland has been deprived of the sons of her soil sitting in the royal chair, she has royalties of a higher, a nobler, a better extraction—the instruments of war are changed for the notes of peace, the deeds of valor for the victories of the cross, and she is herself transformed from a land of persecution, blood, and death, to a home of liberty, light, and peace. There are many other objects of deep interest to the Christian, in and around the city, of which we took large sketches; but we will pass them over for the present. We must say a few words, in closing the present sketch, of another object clustering with associations, though sad yet dear to every Christian's heart. Descending from the Castle we inquire for the Grass-market; as we approach it we find that there is nothing there to mark the spot where many of Scotland's worthiest sons and daughters died; where the children of the Reformation, or rather the fathers and the mothers, counted not their lives dear unto them, but willingly laid them down for Jesus and his cause. Nothing there now to

distinguish it with its former scenes of blood. But we walked to the place, and felt again, as we were approaching it, that we drew near a sacred spot, and we must tread light, not on the ashes of the dead, for they are not there, but on the place where so many sealed with their lives the testimony of Jesus; and then what visions rose before the mind! We could see there, in imagination before us, the spirits of the covenanted dead. There, also, loomed up the frightful form of the Beast. We saw it from its rising in the East, in the primitive days of Christianity; we beheld its power grow, and our souls shuddered at its monster deeds; we traced it in its acts of sin, in its Crusades, its Inquisition, its Star Chamber; we thought of Piedmont, of Italy, of Spain, of Ireland, of Mexico, and of Scotland in other days; and we followed it on, in imagination, till the great day of God Almighty, when it stood before the throne, drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the martyrs of Jesus; and it was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, and the smoke of its torment ascended up forever and ever. We looked again, and beheld a sea of glass mingled with fire, and there were those who were slain as martyrs, and had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God; and they sang the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou art holy; for all nations shall come and worship before thee, for thy judgments are made manifest. After such reflections, we passed on to the place where lies the dust of many who are uniting in that song. In one corner of Grayfriars churchyard is a marble slab that points out the resting-place of many of those who suffered on the Grass-market, in Edinburgh, for Jesus and his truth. It has the following quaint and expressive inscription, which we copied while sitting on the ashes of the mighty dead.

“Halt, passenger! take heed what you do see!  
 This tomb doth show for what some men did die:  
 Here lies interred the dust of those who stood  
 Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood;  
 Adhering to the covenants, and laws  
 Establishing the same, which was the cause.  
 Their lives were sacrificed unto the lust  
 Of prelatists abjured. Though here their dust  
 Lies mixt with murderers and other crew,  
 Whom justice justly did to death pursue;  
 But as for them, no cause was to be found,  
 Worthy of death, but only they were found  
 Constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing,  
 For the prerogatives of Christ their King,  
 Which truths were sealed by famous Guthrie’s head,  
 And all along to Mr. Renwick’s blood;  
 They did endure the wrath of enemies,  
 Reproaches, torments, deaths, and injuries,  
 But yet they’re those who from such troubles come,  
 And now triumph in glory with the Lamb.

“From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, till 17th February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered and destroyed for the same cause about 18,000, of whom about 100 were executed at Edinburgh, of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ; the most of them lie here. Rev. ii. 10; vi. 9, 10, 11; vii. 14.”

This epitaph tells its own story. Well might Bonar, with regard to such scenes in Scotland, say :

“The hue of her waters is crimsoned with slaughters,  
 And the blood of the martyrs has reddened the clay,  
 And dark desolation broods over the nation,  
 For the faithful are perished, the good are away.  
 On the mountains of heather they slumber together,  
 On the wastes of the Moorlands their bodies decay.  
 How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,  
 Though far from their kindred they moulder away.  
 Their blessing shall hover, their children to cover,  
 Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day,  
 Oh! never to perish, their names let us cherish,  
 The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.”

---

## THE PRIMITIVE PURITANISM OF ENGLAND.\*

ABOUT two hundred years ago, in the autumn of 1643, four reverend-looking travellers might have been seen wending their way from Scotland towards the English metropolis. Humble and unpretending in appearance, they travel in the usual style of that period, on horseback, attended by no escort, and presenting no marks of distinction. These are the Commissioners of the Church of Scotland, going to represent her in the famous Westminster Assembly. One of them, though little more than past the meridian of life, already bears the thoughtful aspect of premature age; and, as “the richest jewels soonest wear out their settings,” his emaciated frame is already beginning to sink under the intense activity and manifold anxieties of the brave spirit within. This is the leader of the Scottish Church, the venerable, the noble Alexander Henderson. The next is a more portly personage, a man of the world and a scholar, a shrewd observer of the movements in church and state, readier to do battle with his pen than his tongue, and to whose voluminous correspondence we are indebted for much of our information regarding these times. This is Robert Baillie. The third, a person of eccentric appearance, slender and sanguine, his eye lustrous with the fire of imagination, and ever and anon turned upwards with the glow of unearthly piety, and yet an expert dialectician in all the controversies of the day, is Samuel Ruther-

\* THE PRIMITIVE PURITANISM OF ENGLAND, viewed in its origin, its true development, and its present position. An inaugural address delivered in Exeter Hall, London, November 4th, 1856, by the Rev. Thomas McCrie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology and Church History, in the College of the Presbyterian Church in England. Published by request.

ford. And the youngest of the company, though not the least respected, that grave youth, with a look of calm intelligence beyond his years, is George Gillespie.

As they traverse the smiling plains of England, surveying its rich baronial mansions and the palatial residences of its clergy, they are struck with the contrast which the whole scenery presents to the rude simplicity of their native land; and as they think on the magnitude of the enterprise before them, their hearts begin to tremble under a sense of personal insignificance. The very hotels in which they take up their rest for the night appear to their unsophisticated minds fitter abodes for princes than poor travellers. "Their inns are like palaces," says Baillie; "and no marvel; they extortion their guests." And yet were you to draw near and listen to their converse, you would discover that these were no ordinary men, and bent on no ordinary business. Their talk is not of the fields or crops, of the splendid palaces and demesnes around them: but you may overhear such words as "the three kingdoms"—"uniformity with Scotland"—"Prelacy and the Covenant"—"King and Parliament." Consciousness of their high vocation, the remembrance of their dear country threatened with the lurid cloud of Prelacy, then in ominous conjunction with Popery and Despotism, and above all a lofty sense of the divinity of the cause in which they are embarked, sustain their courage and elevate them above the fear of man.

They approach the city of London. Amidst its busy and restless thoroughfares, they are jostled aside, and feel as if none cared for them more than for the dust beneath their feet. And yet these are the men who took an active and influential share in that mighty movement that shook England to its centre, and was felt in all its circumference, converting it for a time into a Presbyterian country.

It is from this stand-point that we propose to take a brief survey of old English Puritanism, tracing it from its earliest appearance down to the period when it assumed the form of Presbyterianism.

In prosecuting this inquiry, so interesting in itself, and to which the signs of the times lend additional attractions, I hope to escape the charge of a narrow and offensive sectarianism. I have seen enough of controversy to have become thoroughly sick of its worthless strifes and woful divisions, and to sigh, as better men who have mingled in them in early life, have sighed, on approaching nearer the confines of a better world, for a day of mutual reconciliation among all true Christians. I have studied the history of the Church sufficiently, at least, to know that, in the best constituted churches, and among the best of men, there have been errors and failings which their real friends must deplore; and that in the most corrupt churches, there have been good men whom we are compelled to admire, and good things which their keenest opponents would do well to imitate. Besides, were I tempted to yield to a spirit of partisanship, I should feel myself rebuked by the very opposite temper evinced by the worthies of whom I am about to

speak, as well as by some who have lately written on the subject, and with whom, though not prepared to adopt all their conclusions, I would fain compete in Christian spirit and honorable impartiality.

From the commencement of the Reformation in England, two parties were formed in the Church, animated by a very opposite spirit, and diverging further and further from each other as they grew in strength and numbers. To these parties we may give the usual names of Churchmen and Puritans. The former party included those who from interest, inclination, or conviction, adhered to the established order of the Church; the other, as their name indicates, sought a *purere* reformation. Unlike the continental churches, whose quarrels related to points of Christian doctrine, disputes in the English as in the Scottish Church, turned upon matters of church order and ceremonies. On questions of doctrine there existed, till the unhappy days of Laud, among all parties, Church and Puritan, Conformist or Nonconformist, the most perfect harmony; and nothing admits of being more clearly demonstrated than the fact that the system of theology laid down in the Articles of the English Church, and universally adopted during that period by its clergy, was that now known under the name of Calvinism. Towards the illustrious Reformer himself, from whom that system derives its name, all ranks of the English clergy vied in paying the homage of respect; so much so, indeed, that when a preacher in one of the universities ventured to attack his character and that of the other foreign divines, in an oration, he was compelled to make a public and humiliating recantation. Nor can any peruse the mass of evidence produced by Toplady in his hitherto unanswered "Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England," without being struck with the reflection, that whatever may be the case now, England, of all other lands, evinced the earliest predilection for and the sternest adhesion to Calvinism—that, in fact, she carried that now reviled creed much higher than it reached in Presbyterian Scotland—that many of her clergy were even *Calvino Calviniores*—a shade or two beyond Calvin himself; so that one can hardly help joining in the smile with which the honest but somewhat warm-tempered writer to whom we have referred records the advice offered by Elizabeth's bishops and clergy in convocation assembled, to the effect that "incurable Arians, Pelagians, or free-will men, be sent into *some one castle* in North Wales, or Wallingford; and there to live of their own labor, and none other be suffered to resort unto them but their keepers;"—adding, that anti-Calvinists "must at that time have been very few in number, otherwise one castle would not have been thought large enough to contain them."\* But though united in their views of doctrine, the bishops and clergy of the English Church were unhappily divided on far less important questions.

Strangely enough, the controversy commenced not on the constitution of the Church, but on some of her subordinate ceremonies.

\* Toplady's Historic Proof, &c., Works, vol. ii, p. 138, 9



Hooper, on being presented to the bishopric of Gloucester, refused to be consecrated in the episcopal vestments. To us, who view the question through a long vista of subsequent disputations, it appears passing strange that the man who had no quarrel with the episcopate, and who could swallow, without scruple, all its rents, dignities, and prerogatives, should have startled at the mere symbols of his office—the rochet, square cap, and chimere.

But Hooper shrank from these robes as the insignia of Antichrist; and Cranmer, insisting on his compliance with a custom which, though in itself indifferent, was rendered venerable by its antiquity, and imperative by authority, the refractory bishop was actually consigned to prison.\* The reformed divines, on the question being mutually referred to their judgment, seemed equally at a loss to account for the zeal which imposed such ceremonies, and for the scrupulosity which could convert them into matters of conscience. For the sake of peace, they recommended Hooper to submit, and he agreed to be ordained in the obnoxious canonicals. This skirmish on the outposts has generally been regarded as the prelude to the general battle of Nonconformity in England; and, in one sense, certainly, Hooper may be said to have been the father of Nonconformists. With a pertinaciousness, for which her fondest admirers can find no fitting apology, Elizabeth insisted on the most stringent uniformity in the use of that apparel; her obstinacy increased with the resistance she encountered, till at last, what may have been at first merely a piece of policy, intended to keep up the outward semblance of the ancient religion, became with her a point of honor; and the surplice, like the sceptre, became an emblem of her sovereign will and authority. On the other hand, the antipathy of the Nonconformists to the use of these garments, which may appear to us overstrained, admits of a very natural explanation. They had newly escaped from the motley superstitions of Popery, and their eyes had been so long accustomed to associate the sacerdotal robes with the sacrifice of the mass and other idolatries, which they now repudiated with abhorrence, that as the first thing the liberated captive does is to fling away with disgust his prison dress, they felt disposed to wreak their vengeance on the harmless weeds of their captivity. Had the apostle Peter stood up in the midst of the hundred and twenty disciples convened in the upper room at Jerusalem, clothed in the garments of glory and beauty worn by the high priest, with the fair mitre on his head, and adorned with blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine-twined linen, the spectacle would no doubt have occasioned no small surprise in the humble company; but though it must have appeared strangely inconsistent in an apostle of Jesus to assume the garb of a Levitical priest, yet, in the eyes of Jews, who held their old hierarchy in veneration as divine, Peter's assumption of the priestly robes could not have created that sensitiveness with which some of the more tender consciences among the English clergy recoiled from the distinctive robes of Antichristian Rome. This feeling

\* Pierce's Vindication of Dissenters, p. 30, quoting from Fox's Latin History.

was not lessened by discovering the superstitious importance attached to them by the Popish zealots who came into power during the reign of Bloody Mary. And all must be familiar with the contemptuous scorn of them expressed by the martyred clergy of England, when, previous to their fiery deaths, they were compelled, by their persecutors, to go through the farce of degradation from the priesthood, by being first invested with the priestly garments, and then ignominiously stripped of them. We are not surprised at the jovial old Latimer indulging in a jest at their expense, when he exclaimed, on their pulling off his surplice, "Now I can make no more holy water;" nor at Bucer objecting to wear the square cap, because, as he said, "his head was not square." But when we find Ridley reconciled to Hooper on the subject in prison, and vehemently inveighing against the surplice when they forced it upon him, calling "that apparel foolish and abominable, and too fond for a vice in a play"—the vice being the fool in the old plays and moralities—and Cranmer himself, when they were stripping him, previous to his martyrdom, saying, "All this needeth not; I had myself done with this gear long ago,"\*—even those who cannot sympathize with the scruples must venerate the principle which led these noble confessors to scout, as a badge of slavish submission to tyranny and superstition, what some of them would formerly have enforced as a harmless concession to lawful authority.

Still, though some would trace to this nascent opposition to the Romish ceremonies retained in the Anglican Church, "the conception," as Fuller terms it, of Nonconformity, we are not prepared to identify this contest with the Puritanism of the Church of England. We cannot forget that the brightest ornaments of that Church were strangers to such scruples; nor can we forget that our foreign divines, who had practically advanced much further in reformation, did not insist on the English Church throwing aside, altogether, or all at once, those ceremonies which, in obedience to the civil power, she had retained. No man has been more liberally charged with having promoted the cause of Nonconformity in England than Calvin; and yet it admits of demonstration that no man was less disposed to mar the peace of the Church with quarrels about externals. Writing to the French Church in London, he expresses the liveliest vexation at learning that some among them were, under his name, fomenting divisions—"making of me an idol," he says, "and of Geneva a Jerusalem." "Little do they understand the unity of Christians," he adds, "who take occasion to raise schisms from diversity of ceremonies."† In another place, he argues against the danger of urging a rigid conformity in ceremonials in all churches, lest they should be mistaken for the truth and substance of Christianity. And in his celebrated letter to the Duke of Somerset, Protector of England during the minority of Edward VI, while he urges on him the removal from the service-book of some of the obviously superstitious relics of

\* Fox. Wilkin's Concil. iv, 134; and Pierce's Hist. of Diess. 33.

† Lettres de Calvin, par J. Bonnet, vol. i, 351, 2.

Popery, such as prayers for the dead and extreme unction (advices which were complied with), he says not a word about either the form of the hierarchy or the fashion of their apparel. In another letter to Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury, he laments indeed the tardiness shown in the reformation of the English Church from abuses, and expresses his fears lest the delay which had allowed so many harvests to pass away might be followed by the frigidity of a perpetual winter; lest the numerous shoots which had been left after cutting down the trunk, might spring up afterwards, and obscure, if not altogether bury, the pure worship of God; but his main anxiety, in both these letters, is the propagation of sound doctrine by a race of faithful and energetic preachers of the Gospel.\* His interference with the quarrels about the English service-book during the troubles of Frankfort has been loudly denounced as the beginning of a strife that has not yet seen its termination in England. It will hardly be believed that he begins this letter by telling the exiles how absurd it was in them to quarrel about such matters in the land of their dispersion. "In middle things," he says, "such as external rites, I am very facile and flexible: though I do not hold it always good policy to yield to the foolish moroseness of those who will not give up a jot of their old customs. In the English Liturgy, such as you describe it, I perceive there were many tolerable trifles—*tolerabiles ineptias*—by which two words I mean that there was not all the purity that might be desired, but that the faults which could not be corrected at first, as they did not involve any manifest impiety, might be tolerated for a time. It is no doubt very trifling and puerile to adhere so stiffly to Papistical relics; but, after all, I would not have you to be over-rigid with the infirmity which cannot climb to the top of perfection."† On the subject of Liturgies in general, it is well known that Calvin approved of a set form of ecclesiastical prayers and rites, the use of which, though not exclusive of extemporaneous prayer, should be made imperative on the pastors, in order, as he maintained, that provision might be made for the ignorance and unskilfulness of some, and a restraint be laid on the innovating levity of others, and that the mutual agreement of all the churches might be made more plainly apparent. And even on the question of the hierarchy he displays the same moderation. That in preferring the Presbyterian form of church government he was guided by the general principles laid down in the New Testament, and by the precedents of the apostolic churches, we, of course, entertain no doubt. But, while pleading scriptural authority for the essential principles of the plan he adopted, he did not consider himself precluded from acknowledging the lawfulness, on the ground of human expediency, of other forms. In his "Institutes," after quoting the well-known sentiments of Jerome, who held that bishops and presbyters were originally equal, but that for the sake of preventing schisms, pre-

\* Calv. Epist. Op. ix, p. 61.

† Ibid. p. 98.

lates were afterwards introduced, "by the custom of the Church, and not our Lord's institution;" and after adverting to the subsequent introduction of archbishops and patriarchs, he remarks:—"To the government thus formed some gave the name of a hierarchy—a name in my opinion (*ut mihi videtur*) improper, certainly not one used in Scripture. But if, overlooking the name, we regard the thing itself, we shall find that the ancient bishops had no wish to frame a system of church government different from that which God has prescribed in his Word."\* This sentiment he explains in another treatise: "Let them give us a hierarchy in which bishops may be so above the rest, as that they refuse not to be under Christ, but depend upon him, and refer themselves to him as the only Head of the Church—a hierarchy in which brotherly fellowship is cultivated in such a way that all are bound together by no other bond than that of the truth of Christ; and if there be any that do not behave with all reverence and obedience towards such a system, there is no anathema but I will confess them to be worthy of it."†

(To be continued.)

### LIGHT OF NATURE AND REVELATION.‡

MYSTERIOUS, indeed, and passing strange are the ceaseless workings of that immortal and nobler part of which this singularly formed body is but the mouldering casket. Who can define or recount the endless variety of thoughts and feelings that pass through the soul, leaving deeper or fainter impressions in their train as the case may be! A moment's reflection on the past, and what a mingled chaos do they appear! Standing out, however, in bold relief, are those which have reference to our present and future existence. What am I? where am I? from whence have I come? and whither am I tending? are questions indigenous to every human breast. How often do they flash across our minds as we thread our way through the crowded city, rendering us for the moment almost oblivious to the bustle and turmoil by which we are surrounded. How frequently have they knocked at the door of our hearts, and silently and solemnly asked an answer, as in meditative mood we wandered by the ocean's verge, or followed the windings of some familiar mountain stream. How often have they cast us into a profound reverie, as we sat by the cheerful fagot on a winter's eve. How often, when stretched upon the couch of rest, have they engrossed our thinking powers, until we were gently deprived of consciousness by "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" and how often as

\* Calv. Inst. lib. iv, cap. iv, 4.

† De Necessitate Reformandæ Ecclesiæ. Calv. Op. viii, 60. Equally decided was Beza, Bucer, Peter Martyr, Bullinger, Gualter, and others.

‡ The following is an essay read before the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, by a member of the first Reformed Presbyterian Church (Rev. Mr. Wylie's), and at the request of several friends is inserted in the Banner. The association numbers over one thousand young men from the different Evangelical Churches in the city, and is exerting a very powerful influence for the moral, intellectual, and spiritual culture of its members.—Ed.

the light of the succeeding morning fell upon our opening eyelids have we found them still before us, pleading for that calm, deliberate consideration, which their transcendent importance demands. Nor do we think ourselves singular in this, for in a greater or lesser degree similar emotions are experienced by every child of Adam, from the untutored savage in his wigwam, to the man of letters in our academic halls.

To the solution of these momentous problems, and to the consideration of the light that is thrown upon them by the works of nature and the word of revelation, the present brief essay will be devoted.

The development of mind is so gradual, that it is impossible for us to distinguish the precise period when its operations are first felt; man, however, travels but a short distance along the path of life, before he is startled with the idea that he is a moral, intellectual, and accountable being. It is this, the conscious possession of mental powers, that raises him as far above the level of the mere animal creation, as the immaterial is exalted above the material universe. Of the nature of mind we know but little, enough, however, to warrant us in saying that its tendency is to advance and expand; this tendency creates an insatiable desire for knowledge, a constant craving for something to which it has not attained, and a ceaseless groping after that which appears to it shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery; but, along with the simple faculty of reason, there is also implanted within us, a conviction that we have sprung from a being infinitely superior to ourselves, and that the vital spark which by him was fanned into existence at the moment of our birth, will not be finally extinguished at the hour of our dissolution, but will continue to survive so long as the unnumbered ages of eternity shall roll. If these observations be correct, we have then within us, not only that which propounds, but that which in a certain degree, returns an answer to the questions before us; but the reply here given, is far too indefinite and vague to satisfy the longings already adverted to, and, consequently, true to our nature, we turn to that which is beyond ourselves. So much accustomed are we to view the earth we tread on, that its wondrous beauty and singular adaptation to our wants seldom gives birth even to a passing thought, and yet, how much is there here calculated to inspire us with feelings of amazement and gratitude. For a moment contemplate it—think of the mighty dome above our heads now sparkling in beauty with its thousand gems, and then radiant with the full blaze of a meridian sun—think of the flower-sprinkled carpet beneath our feet, what more beautiful than that combination of organic matter which passes beneath the name of a *flower*. Have you never gazed on one of nature's simplest weeds, and been filled with wonder at its exquisite symmetry and loveliness!

Is there no charm to attract or delight in the lofty mountain with its coronet of snow—the smiling plain with its golden harvest—the azure sea with its foaming billows—the murmuring brook

with its mossy sides—the feathered songsters with their unwritten music—the noble forest with its waving pines—the sleeping lake with its reflecting surface? Has the strange construction of your own body, as you marked the surpassing skill stamped upon its every part, never wrapt you in deep and solemn admiration, and forced you to cry out, “How fearfully and wonderfully am I made!” And, as you thought of the continuous supply of that unseen breath, and the unbroken flow of that vital fluid, the very life of your existence, have you never uttered the exclamation, “How fearfully and wonderfully am I upheld!” It is to objects such as these that the mind instinctively turns, to shed, if possible, a ray of light upon the obscurity within; and do they unfold no tale; do they teach no lesson; do they proclaim no truth? We unhesitatingly answer, *Yes*. They reveal to us that the universe is the workmanship of some mighty spirit—one whose wisdom, power, and goodness is far beyond the comprehension of our finite and obtuse minds. How manifest is all this—above, beneath, around, everywhere, it is written in characters that cannot be unnoticed or mistaken. Who, but one possessed of omnipotence, could have called into existence these countless worlds, marching in silent harmony through the fields of unmeasured space? Who, but a Being of this kind, could have laid a foundation for the everlasting hills, or hollowed a resting-place for the fathomless ocean? Who, but one whose wisdom is inconceivable, could have caused the sun to shine, the rain to fall, the wind to blow, the seasons to change, the trees to bud, the flowers to bloom, the day to animate, and the night to induce repose? Who, but a Being of unutterable goodness, would have scattered over the teeming earth such a rich and plentiful supply of all that is fitted to allay the wants, or gratify the desires of its craving millions? Who, but one whose study it has ever been to minister to all our necessities, would have imbedded beneath this the solid rock, for our structures, the plastic iron for our machinery, the blazing coal for our firesides, the glittering jewel for the monarch’s brow, or the brilliant diamond for the finger of beauty? To sum up this argument in a sentence—does the fact that we are the recipients of so many comforts and blessings, during the whole of our journey from the cradle to the grave, not abundantly testify to the existence and overruling providence of a Being whose heart is overflowing with the purest benevolence, and whose watchful care is constantly exercised over the creatures of his hand?

But it is time for us now to allude to the idea of immortality, implanted in the soul of man. We have sometimes heard the presence of this denied; but, so far as our feeble judgment and discrimination goes, we are inclined to think, that they who repudiate this, misrepresent their own feelings, and that their denial proceeds more from a dislike to the thing itself than from an actual conscientious conviction that it is not so. No: death may change, but it cannot annihilate; for, in the words of one of England’s noblest poets—

“The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.”—ADDISON.

The idea of immortality suggests another, and it is this: that in a future state, our present actions will either be rewarded or punished. We do not deem it necessary to prove the existence of this feeling, nor shall we attempt to delineate the effect which it produces on ourselves; indeed, it would be difficult to do so, early imbued as our minds have been, with something more than the mere teachings of reason; but we may mark how it has operated on others. What but this, gave rise to the many systems of the ancient philosophers, or to the stupendous fabric of heathen idolatry, with all its untold horrors and deeds of barbarism! Is it not the hope of expiating past guilt, and averting the wrath of their offended idol god, that has induced so many thousands to pass through the fire, or to prostrate themselves before the blood-stained wheels of Juggernaut, in the terrible ordeal, enduring tortures which no pencil can paint, or language describe? Could anything else tempt the Hindoo mother to forget all the tender affections of her woman's heart, and with her own hands, in one sullen plunge, silence forever the heart-piercing wail of her infant offspring? And what but the expectation of increased happiness hereafter, could prompt the followers of Mahomet to perform such laborious pilgrimages to his hallowed shrine? It is when we reflect on these things—when we remember the erroneous conclusions, and the frantic schemes for relief, to which man's natural blindness has driven him, that we feel the absolute necessity of a *Divine Revelation*. We are aware some have been bold enough to assert that there is no need for this; and that the light within and the light of Nature are amply sufficient to solve all difficulties, and to lead us to correct notions on the vitally important questions before us. To discuss this pernicious doctrine in all its bearings, would require more time and greater talents than we are privileged to possess; but its utter fallaciousness is abundantly apparent, even to the most unobservant and undisciplined mind, unless that mind has raised up a barrier of its own, to the very entrance of truth itself. What, we ask, has scenery of the most magnificent description done for the benighted millions of the world? Has the fact, that the towering Himalayas have for centuries rent the clouds, and looked down in solemn majesty upon the burning plains of India, ever taught its degraded multitudes the sublime and soul-exalting truth of a one living and true God? Amid everything that might serve to impress them with this idea, have they not still continued to bend the knee, and to sacrifice victims to dumb inanimate idols of their own forming? What has it signified to them, so far as this is concerned, that Nature there is forever robed in a mantle of the most superb luxuriance and beauty. Did the liquid thunders of the mighty Niagara,

when in past ages it rolled like a thing of life amid the stillness of unpeopled forests, ever tell the startled Chippewa, as it broke upon his ear, that he had a soul within him to be lost or saved? Was it from the rugged peaks, or the bold rocks, or the heath-clad mountains of Caledonia, that the rude barbarians, who once nestled in its caves, caught the first glimpse of the love of God for a ruined race? Long had the graceful palm been seen to wave its verdant plumes in the cool, refreshing breezes, so gratefully wafted across the green islands of the South and the West; long had those islands sat on their glittering thrones, a miracle of beauty; and long had they cast their silent shadows upon the clear blue ocean, as in sweetest murmurs it folded its gentle ripples upon their lovely strand; but, it was not until such men as Daniel Carey, or John Morrison, or Henry Martyn, or John Williams, or Adoniram Judson, or Alexander Duff, with the Bible in their hands, the love of Christ in their hearts, and the message of salvation upon their tongues, had planted their peaceful feet upon these sunny shores, that their superstitious people were led to cast their idols to the moles and to the bats, and to worship that Being, whose voice is in the thunder of heaven, whose way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters. No! Nature has never, and can never supply the place of Revelation. Each is distinct in itself—performing its own part, and yet, emanating as they have done from the same source, hand in hand, they move together with the most unruffled harmony. Pleasant it is to contemplate them in this light. How gratifying to find that the truths unfolded in the Word of God, meet with a cordial response in our own hearts, and that while there is much to excite our wonder, and teach us the comparative weakness of our comprehensive powers, there is nothing which appears to us in the slightest degree unreasonable, or is in any way at variance with the principles already settled there; and what a happy influence do these same truths exert when we turn our thoughts to the contemplation of the works of creation and providence! How ennobling to think, that the same hand which hung the earth upon nothing, and arrayed the heavens in all their gorgeous drapery of clouds, has also formed, and tinted, and perfumed the most delicate lily that grows in simplicity at our feet! How does it exalt our conceptions of the majesty of Jehovah, when we embrace the grand idea, that although he guides the planets in their courses, and dwells forever in light that is inaccessible and full of glory; yet that his presence pervades every atom of the world we live in, guiding, upholding, and protecting the very meanest thing that hath life, with a minuteness and a care known only to Divinity itself; and how pleasing, if in all the beautiful objects of this fair earth, we can but perceive another exhibition of that love and wisdom, which is so strikingly manifest on every page of God's written word!

(To be continued.)



“I DWELL AMONGST MINE OWN PEOPLE.”

TOUCHINGLY beautiful is the answer of the Shunamite to the Prophet of the Lord. No courtly honor would induce her to leave her own kindred. Many examples have we in the sacred Scriptures, expressive of the strong attachment of the Jews to kindred and country. A striking instance is recorded in 1 Kings, 11th chapter, where Hadad going to Egypt when young, and there received into great favor with the king, hearing of the death of David and Joab, intreated Pharaoh to let him return to his own country; and when the king remonstrated with him, asking what he lacked to make him happy, he exclaimed, “*Nothing!* Howbeit, let me go in any wise.” Nehemiah is another example. When he hears of the desolation of Jerusalem, no earthly honor or gain would keep him from casting his lot with his suffering countrymen. And who has not read with feelings of emotion the plaintive language of Jeremiah, “Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan them, but weep sore for those who leave country and kindred, for they shall return no more.” This feeling is implanted in the bosom of man by his Creator, for the wisest and best purposes. The ties of endearment to early associations and friends are many. The trees under whose shade we have sat, the valleys and winding streams where we have sauntered in early years, the recollection of companions now no more, or far separated, all form mysterious links, binding us to the spot where our first footsteps tottered.

The poor grovelling worldling, whose heart and soul can rise no higher than the ground he treads on, cannot understand these finer feelings of our constitution; but it is men imbued with such feelings as these, whose names are emblazoned on the annals of fame, as benefactors of their race or defenders of their country. But it is in reference to a stronger attachment, and one that shall exist when the scenes of earth shall have passed away, we are to apply the words, viz.: the connection between pastor and people.

How delightful it is for a minister to say, in the spiritual sense of these words, “I dwell amongst mine own people.” Not merely his, because he is placed over them, by the good order of the house of God, but because, as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, he has been the means of winning them over to be the Lord’s. Now every minister ought to seek most earnestly to have such a people; and when no such object is before his mind, he has not clear and scriptural views of the office he holds. Apart from turning sinners from their evil way, to Jesus their only Saviour, there is no meaning in the ministry of reconciliation.

I know there are many who look on the Church as a mere moralizing society, and the ministry as a sort of police force, whose influence is to keep men from the grosser violations of law and decency, and as such they are willing to support them; but this is far different from the end, for which our glorious Redeemer organized the Church, and appointed this ministry.

The Church is the pillar and ground of truth; the true Mount Gilead, where the healing balm, for the wounds sin has inflicted upon the soul can be obtained; the fountain, whence are to issue the streams that shall gladden and change the aspect of this sin-blighted world.

Many reasons might be assigned why a minister should seek to be able to say, "I dwell amongst mine own people."

1st. It is the great end for which he has received the office. This means has been chosen by Christ to gather in the scattered members of his flock. To bring men to the knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal, and to a saving acquaintance with the provisions of the everlasting covenant. The world might have been changed by the miraculous agency of God's Spirit, without the instrumentality of man, but it has been ordered otherwise. The Head of the Church has signally owned this means of turning sinners unto God. When the Holy Spirit was to apply the efficacy of Christ's death for the salvation of thousands, Peter's sermon was selected as the means of convincing them of their need of an interest in that death. And why should not the servant of Christ now look for success to follow his faithful labors among perishing men?

If he do not expect success now, when may he expect it? The means whereby sinners are to be turned to God are already made known. Every appliance to man's salvation is revealed. That powerful lever, that can alone raise men from the fearful pit and miry clay, is let down from heaven.

Every lamp necessary to guide the wandering sinner to a haven of safety, is hung out in the moral heavens: not one more will be added. Yes, the herald of salvation is to exercise faith in the promise of Christ, in reference to his own means, and be anxiously looking for the message of salvation to perishing souls to take effect.

If ministers were properly impressed with this idea, what earnestness would characterize their labors. How utterly indifferent they would be to the judgment of men. They would not enter the sanctuary to pander to the vitiated tastes of those who might be hearing; delivering an essay as cold in its temperature as if steeped in the snows of the Ural Mountains, and as little calculated to show men their own sinful hearts, or the attractions of the cross, as a chapter out of Seneca.

2d. It will cause ministers, like Paul, to magnify their office. What solemnity is thrown around the office of the ministry when viewed in its proper relation. The highest angel in heaven would feel honored in being commissioned to herald the glad tidings of the Gospel. This high honor is reserved for man. It was a remark of that excellent divine, John Brown, "That he would be willing to beg his bread six days of the week, for the privilege of preaching the Gospel to perishing sinners on Sabbath."

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars forever and ever."

3d. A minister, for his own comfort, should seek to say, "I

dwell among mine own people." That pastor is not to be envied, whatever be his earthly conveniences, who never had a single soul tell him the joyful news, "I own you, under God, as the means of my conversion." One of two things is certainly the case: he must be among a very hardened and careless people, or he must be an unfaithful and prayerless man.

A minister will find the discharge of duty a very burdensome and irksome thing, unless the right object be before him. But it is humbling to have it to say, that a great many men do not think the appropriate duties of a minister sufficient to build up their reputation; and hence they have recourse to manœuvring and policy, and many other things quite foreign to their office. But it will be found that fame, gotten from any other source than from usefulness in the vineyard of Jesus Christ, is as short-lived as it is devoid of sterling worth.

4th. Nothing draws the bond of union, between a minister and his people, so close as the fact, that he is the means, under God, of increasing their faith, and the instrument by which comfort is imparted to them in all their sorrows and trials. There is no danger, where such a union exists, that the people will neglect to minister to the temporal necessities of such a pastor, if the means be at all within their reach, or that the pastor, for every trifling matter, or to obtain, what he may think, a more eligible post, where his imagined or real talents may have wider scope, will leave the flock which the Head of the Church has made him the honored instrument of bringing into the fold of safety.

Oh! that a spirit of entire devotedness would be poured out upon the ambassadors of Christ, so that each one might be able to say, with an eminent saint now in glory, "I am no longer mine own; this tongue, these hands, my bodily strength, my talents, my property, are entirely the Lord's." Then would each be enabled to say, I will not only spend the few years of mine earthly pilgrimage amongst mine own people, but when my work is ended here, and the vale of death passed through, it will be no small ingredient, in my cup of heavenly bliss, to sing the praises of the Lamb, in the midst of the Throne, with the people who have been led first to trust in His finished work, through my instrumentality.

G.

LISBON, N. Y.

#### ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO HUGH SMALL.\*

ON Wednesday, the 10th instant, a number of the friends of HUGH SMALL, Esq., late of Ballymoney, entertained him at tea in

\* We are happy to say that Mr. Small has at length reached our shores in safety. He arrived in this city in the steamship Kangaroo, on the morning of the 1st ultimo, in good health and spirits, and, on the same day, addressed a very large assemblage in the First Church, being the anniversary of the Sabbath School. He is at present the guest of a friend in our Church, whose house and heart are open to all the friends of Christ. His present purpose is to make New York City his residence, and we congratulate the congregation that may be so fortunate as to rank among its members a man with such untiring energy, large-heartedness, and Christian benevolence as Hugh Small.—ED.

Ballymena, and presented him with a purse of sovereigns and the following

ADDRESS.

DEAR SIR:—Permit us, a deputation of the Ministers and Members of the Eastern Reformed Presbyterian Church, to express the regret with which we have heard of your intended departure from Ireland, and the admiration with which your personal character and your public services to our Church have impressed us.

As a private member and an elder in the Church, your worth has been specially felt by the particular congregation with which you have been connected, and we know how much they valued and honored you. But your usefulness has not been confined to that congregation; every part of our Church has felt the influence of your activity and public spirit. We refer especially to the prominent part you took in organizing, and for a number of years in managing our financial schemes. It is true, your public connection with those schemes has for some time ceased, but the results of the labor you expended on them have not perished, nor have the energy, the wisdom, and the noble liberality you displayed in conducting them, been forgotten.

It was at a very critical period of our Church's history that you became connected with her financial arrangements. The famine that desolated Ireland was commencing its ravages. It found us few in numbers, with little wealth, and with a recently formed organization. Large, wealthy, even endowed churches, were seriously affected by the awful visitation. It might have been expected that we would have been prostrated, yet, though our people suffered in common with others, their liberality received, at that very time, a remarkable impulse, and their contributions for religious purposes, instead of being diminished, were largely increased. This was owing mainly, under God, to the schemes you did so much to organize, and to the life and spirit you infused into their operation. These schemes you did not originate. One or two other Churches had previously recognized in practice their great principle,—that a religious community is one body, and that large and rich congregations connected with it ought to assist the weak. But you saw the justice and power of that principle—you pressed it on the attention of our Church—you delivered addresses, circulated pamphlets, and maintained a large correspondence to illustrate and recommend it; and in carrying it out you were yourself the finest example of the Christian liberality you did so much to evoke in others.

The influence of what was thus done has not been confined to our own denomination. It has given a tone and an encouragement to the financial efforts of other Presbyterian bodies in Ireland—it forms a demonstration of the power of religion, here as elsewhere, to provide for its own support from the voluntary offerings of those who receive and value it. Every impartial observer has been convinced that if a Church, with scanty means and surrounded by

State-endowed Churches, can do so much toward providing an adequate support for her ministry, no serious difficulty could be presented to Churches, more favorably situated, in fully accomplishing the same object.

While we give special prominence to your connection with our financial schemes, we do not forget that in every important movement in the Church your influence was felt. You sympathized with all your heart in the struggle which the fathers of our Synod carried on for years, and which, we believe, has settled the question of civil and religious liberty in the North of Ireland forever. You took a deep interest in the promotion of missions, in the spread of sound literature, in the temperance reformation, in every religious and philanthropic cause. We do not doubt but that your change of residence will increase your usefulness. You will have ampler opportunities in America than you enjoyed here for the exercise of your mental endowments, and of your large-hearted and untiring benevolence; and while our regret at your departure is great in proportion to our esteem for your sterling Christian worth, we are cheered by the confident anticipations of a useful and a distinguished course awaiting you in the land of your adoption.

Accept, dear sir, of the accompanying gift as a testimony, however inadequate, of the respect and gratitude with which you are regarded by the branch of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, which we represent, the regret felt at your departure, and the wishes cherished for your future welfare.

#### REPLY.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—As I am not, in my present position, the most competent person to form a correct estimate of myself, it is not for me to call in question the high opinion you have formed of my character and labors among you; but to be so much esteemed, to have my labors so highly valued, to experience so much sympathy, and to receive such a complimentary address and valuable presentation from such a Christian community, on the eve of my departure for America, are sources of great gratification and encouragement to me.

I feel it to be no ordinary privilege to be associated with Christian men, whose ancestors sowed the seeds of the constitutional liberties of our country, who stood firm for the defence of the truth, and who counted not their lives dear to them, that they might hand down unsullied the sacred principles of civil and religious liberty; and whose sons, by their talents, and principles, and their labors, and self-denials, in former and present times, have proved themselves worthy of such fathers.

When the great conflict, in which you were recently engaged for the defence, as well as for the diffusion of the imperishable principles for which you are distinguished, was settled on a permanent footing, you turned your attention to the practical application of them, by adopting plans of financial reform that are as

scriptural in their principles as they have been proved to be practicable and beneficial in their operations. And if grace and wisdom are given you to call into vigorous operation the faith and energy necessary to carry your financial plans to their legitimate bearings, you will be as much distinguished for the propagation of the Gospel as your fathers were for its defence.

In bidding you good-by, I cannot say much of myself for the future. I hope, however, that the past period of my history is some guarantee for what is to come, and that I may be honored to be an instrument in the hand of Providence of doing—commercially, morally, and religiously—something to bind our beloved country and America in a league of mercantile freedom, and in bonds of perpetual peace, friendship, and love.

Finally, should we have the pleasure of meeting again, I hope we will have the mutual satisfaction of congratulating each other on the faithful discharge of our respective duties, in the different spheres that we may occupy; and should we not be so privileged, I will look forward to a happy and joyful meeting at the right hand of Him who is our Redeemer and Judge.

I am your grateful friend,

HUGH SMALL.

BALLYMENA, 10th December, 1856.

### LETTER FROM AN ABSENT PASTOR TO HIS CONGREGATION.

[The following was not designed by the writer for publication, but intended only for his own people, being absent on a preaching tour in the West. They have forwarded it for the Banner, and we are glad to receive and publish it, as we doubt not it will be read with interest by the Church at large. It is just what we have referred to in our last number; and on a subject on which we all want information.—ED.]

IOWA, November 27, 1856.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your absent minister wishes you grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. Though absent in the flesh, I am with you in spirit. Sure I am that your prayers ascend to God for me—may He hear those offered for you by his unworthy servant.

The mission on which I am at present, suggests to me a thought or two, which I send to you for consideration at your society meeting. You are aware that the motive for my coming here is the wish to give what cheer I can, for a day or two, to brethren who are denied the stated administration of the means of grace. And I have thought very often of late, that, could my own people, whom I am weekly serving, witness the extreme eagerness and joy with which these brethren in their destitution receive the word, they would not only *feel* for them, but put an *increased estimate on all divine ordinances*. At this thought, let us look for a moment *the preciousness and importance of the means of Grace*. Let it then be considered what relation these sustain to our spiritual welfare.

I would not say that in all cases the relation is that of *cause and effect*. In many instances, and in certain circumstances *it is*. For he who lives where God's sanctuaries are builded, and who is within the reach of the wells of salvation, can look for no good while refusing to visit them. The soul of such a man must starve; his end must be death, and want forever. The influence of the *published* truth of God is *essential* to our salvation, if we dwell where it may be felt. But the believer, denied what is external in the sanctuary, may yet be nourished in his privacy for the life to come. If, however, as is your case, dear Brethren, and mine, God grant the privilege of a *weekly waiting* on Him in his own house, depend upon it we *cannot* be his, save as we *love the place* where his honor dwelleth, and view his *ordinances* as above all price. Why have these reality at all, if not that we may use them as helps heavenward? Could the flowers bloom without the dews, or the grass and grain ripen without the summer showers, these would never fall. Could I master my spiritual foes, and press onward to the crown, *independently* of the house of prayer and its influences, God would not have ordained them. I pray you, therefore, *understand* and *feel* that you *cannot* be true believers, nor grow in grace, except as you *love the Church*—her ordinances—her holy sacraments—her ennobling fellowship, and her holy days.

But to know what your advantages are, suppose yourselves shut out from these for a time. Suppose all your Sabbaths silent—your sanctuary shut from one day to another—suppose no joyous gatherings in Zion's gates—no orisons of public prayer—no psalms of praise—no communion of saints—no holy solemnities observed—what would your feelings be? But, thus it is in many a place, even in our own small body. There are believers who sit in silence for long months together, who, scarce once in the year, see the holy festival prepared in the Lord's Supper; whose teachers are removed, and who are strangers, in great measure, to that communion of saints which can be enjoyed only in the great assembly.

I would that you could meet as I have met such; that you could look into their faces as we preach the word to them, and see the kindling of the eye, and the deep *embarrassing* interest with which they wait upon the word. I sometimes fear, that, like Israel, we sicken upon the manna. We are all in danger of this. Lying, as it does, all round about our dwellings, day by day we come to regard it a thing—commonplace. Oh! beware of this. Say with David, "How love I thy law;" or with Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Let the feelings of your heart find appropriate utterance in the Psalm, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, Lord God of Hosts," &c. "*A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*" Remember how these holy Sabbaths here, are but the dawn of the everlasting Sabbath—how these courts of the Lord are the very vestibule of heaven—how very soon our sun shall set, and we be the judged—the spiritual. Let me urge you all, as you would grow in holiness, not to forsake the assem-

bling of yourselves together in your *meeting for social prayer*. These have always been the very life of our own church. They *tell* upon the congregation. You are pledged to keep them up. *Do so*—let me plead with every one of you to call to mind your vows in regard to them. *Feel each one of you*, dear Brethren, that upon *you* is devolved the heavy responsibility of sustaining and profiting the congregation. One good man can do *much*—God alone knows how much to cheer and strengthen the congregation of which he is a member.

It is my hope soon to see you all again. You will, I am sure, be very willing to share with your needy brethren the supply God has furnished yourselves.

With prayers for you all, and asking to be ever remembered by you at the throne,

I am your servant in the LORD,

J. A. CRAWFORD.

## ORGANIZATION OF THE FULTON CONGREGATION.

ON the 1st of November, according to Presbyterian appointment, accompanied by Mr. R. Davidson, ruling elder, from Red Oak, I organized a congregation, called "Fulton," in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian Church, at Fulton, Jackson County, Iowa. Thirteen members were received into her communion. The following Sabbath I dispensed to this people the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and although few in number, it was manifest that much of the Spirit of Christ was there.

Fulton is a small village, five miles west of Andrew, the former county seat. It is growing rapidly, and bids fair to be quite a business place in a few years. It is surrounded by a good farming country; and the railroad, now in contemplation, from Dubuque through Belleview to intersect the Air Line Road, at Maquoketa, must pass through it. This part of the country is more broken and hilly, than many other parts of Iowa, but is unsurpassed for water and timber. The largest and best body of timber I have seen in the State, lies just west of Fulton. Land can be bought at from 5 to 25 dollars per acre. Families, in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian Church, intending to move West, might do well to visit this place. Any who may desire information concerning the country, are referred to WILLIAM R. GIBSON, Andrew, Jackson County, Iowa.

Allow me, in this connection, to say a few words, also, concerning the destitution of Gospel ordinances in this place.

Fulton has hitherto been almost entirely destitute of a preached Gospel. Although, for some time, there has been regular preaching within a few miles on either side, Fulton appears to have been given up to the "god of this world." It is said, there never was a sermon preached there, until about the beginning of September last. And this want of the Gospel tells plainly on its inhabitants.



There are here those, who were born and educated in the Church, but of whom it may be said, "The god of this world hath blinded their minds." They are wise in the things of this world, but forget the duties they owe to their Creator, and to their own souls. In my short sojourn west, I have become convinced, often *painfully* convinced, that unless those who come to this rich and fertile country are surrounded by the hallowed influences of the Gospel, they soon sink into open infidelity, or become so insensible to duty, and so engrossed with the world, as to neglect religion altogether.

At this place, there is an intelligent and enterprising community, but without the sanctifying influences of the Gospel of Peace. Might not our Board of Home Missions do something towards sending them the Gospel? They manifest a willingness to hear. When we preached there, we had a respectable and attentive audience. Besides, we have taken a position there by organizing a congregation; we have planted there "the Reformation Vine." Shall we sustain and nourish it, by cultivation, that we may gather fruit unto everlasting life; or will we let it wither and die for want of that cultivation?

Many considerations urge us to occupy this ground immediately and efficiently. Our people earnestly desire it, and will do what they can for its support. Not only are we urged to this, for the sake of these few sheep, and their growing families, the hope of the Church; but also from the fact, that many here are as literally perishing for lack of the bread of life, as any in heathen lands. Nor will it do to say, they live in a Christian land, where they may have the Bible, and hear the Gospel, if they will. Sinful man, whose "earnal mind is enmity to God, is not subject to His law, neither indeed can be," will not seek the Gospel. But Christ has commanded His Church to take it to *all* in Christian, as well as heathen, lands. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Moreover, there is much encouragement here, in the door of usefulness that appears to be opened. Is not the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," coming up from this place? Shall this cry be answered as did the Apostle that of old, or shall it pass unheeded, or but inefficiently answered?

W. P. SHAW.

---

#### PRESENTATION TO MR. R. STEENSON.

ON the evening of New Year's Day, a very pleasant meeting took place in the house of the gentleman named above. Since the organization of the Fifth Church in the city of Philadelphia, Mr. Steenson has occupied the position of Superintendent of the Sabbath School, to which place he has been annually elected, and the duties of which he has discharged with much faithfulness. It might be proper, perhaps, to say here, that this school is in a very flourishing condition. Not much over three years since it was little more than living, with some six or eight teachers, and forty to

fifty pupils. It has now a corps of efficient teachers numbering twenty-four, and over three hundred pupils, and regularly increasing. The teachers, in order to show their appreciation of the Superintendent's kindness, faithfulness, energy, and efficiency in the position he has thus long occupied, met in his house on the evening above named, and presented him with a silver tea set, consisting of six pieces and salver. In the presentation and reception of the gift, excellent addresses were delivered, and the evening was passed pleasantly. May he be long spared to occupy the same position of usefulness in the Church of which he is an efficient elder, and at last have the approbation of a higher than man. And may this token of kindness act as an influence on others to "go and do likewise." G.

---

### LETTER FROM W. CALDERWOOD.

MISSION HOUSE, SAHARANPUR, 25th October, 1856.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER STUART:—It is only a few minutes till mail time, but as I find Brother Campbell (D. D.) is not writing to any of you, by this mail, I think I ought to write you a few words, if it be in haste. We are all delighted that the degree of Doctor in Divinity has been conferred on our beloved father in our mission, and consider it not only a well-merited honor to him who has so long labored in teaching divine truth among the millions of this land, but also as a mark of appreciation of missionary labor in general. Oh that there were more, who have labored for nearly a quarter of a century in *teaching divinity among the heathen*, to deserve this title. Brother Woodside, in company with Brother D. E. Campbell, of Futtehgurh, is now on an itinerancy to the Snowy Range, preaching to the mountaineers. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings!" May they find many to believe their good tidings. A week ago to-day they were at Jumnutri, the end of their journey, and the vicinity of the perpetual snow. Brother Woodside says that these mountain regions properly belong to Dehra Doon, and that he ought to call and see *his parishioners* occasionally.

The annual meeting of Lodiana Mission is to be held at Dehra, commencing the 21st of next month, and the missionaries are beginning to make their itinerancies converge towards that place. We expect Brother Herron here next week, on his way to Dehra from Lodiana.

I have lately been reading an excellent article, entitled "*India's Past and Present*," from the "Annual Report of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church of Scotland," written by that eminent missionary apostle, Dr. Duff. I thought of transcribing largely from it to send to some of my friends at home, when it occurred to me, that it would probably be published in the Banner, where those might see it, to whom I thought of sending it. If it has not been published there, I suggest it as appropriate.

We have just received the Minutes of our last Synod, and there first saw the letter written to our Presbytery at the Synod. But I have something to tell you, which I know you will be glad to hear. Some time ago I spoke in a letter, I think to some one in Philadelphia, about a Hindoo inquirer named *Kawar Sain*, who has been munshi for Mrs. Calderwood and me during the past six or seven months. He has many a time bowed the knee to idols, but he says, not for several months past. At our last weekly prayer meeting, just as we were kneeling down to prayer, I caught a glance of him among those who were kneeling with us. I did not know he was present. He had told us that he sometimes prayed in secret to the Christian's God, but I suppose this was the first time he ever did so *in public*. Since that time we have had several more free and full conversations with him of his Christian knowledge and religious experience, and cannot but consider that he gives tolerable good evidence of a change of heart. I noted down some of the questions and answers between Brother C. and him, on one occasion, when we met for a talk. Brother C. says, "You wish to be baptized, do you?" "Yes." "What for?" "It is on the way to heaven," &c. "Will baptism save you?" "No!" "Why do we baptize with *water*?" (No answer.) "What does baptismal water signify?" (Not correctly answered.) It is explained by Brother C. "What kind of people are worthy of being baptized?" "Those that believe on Christ," &c. "Well, what reason have you to think that you are such a person?" He gives a long account of the way he lost confidence in Hindooism—how he became convinced of Christianity; and, after some effort, Brother C. drew out something of his religious experience. If he turns out to be a good Christian, he has natural qualifications which may make him very useful in our mission. But we must not be too sanguine. There are some others of whom we have some hope that some time they may come out distinctly on the side of truth. With one other I have had more than one conversation on the subject of faith in Christ, &c., in which neither of us could restrain the moisture from our eyes. He frankly acknowledged that our religion was better than theirs, and that he thought ours was true and his not. But oh with what fetters Satan sometimes binds! Yet if God be for us, who can be against us?

But God works by means of men. Pray that we may all be willing co-workers with him. You will not forget these inquirers at a throne of grace. Without the divine blessing all is in vain. *Kawar Sain* will probably be baptized within a few weeks.

A young man and his wife, who have been for some years members of the Episcopal Church, have asked to be taken into our Church and community. Although nothing criminal is known of him, yet he has, for some time, been wandering from place to place, but little under the influence of any church. If the chaplains of this country were less Puseyite, there would be more reason to wish people under their influence. This young man has

gone to bring his wife from Meerut. His natural qualifications, however, are not, we think, of a very high order; although, if willing, he may make himself useful to the mission in some way, and may at least receive some good.

Affectionately, your brother in Christ,  
W. CALDERWOOD.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**VILLAGE SERMONS**, or fifty-two plain and short discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for the use of families, Sunday Schools, or companies assembled for religious instruction in country villages. By REV. GEORGE BURDER, Svo. pp. 561. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and 303 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

In later editions of Burder's well-known Village Sermons, forty-nine have been added. The present edition is the same as issued by the author in the third edition. This volume is got up in a very neat style, fine paper and large type, which make it a desirable copy, especially for the aged. The evangelical unction and Gospel simplicity in these well-known sermons, have rendered them long a familiar favorite in churches and families on both sides of the Atlantic.

**THE LIFE OF THE REV. THOMAS SCOTT, D.D.**, Rector of Aston Sanford, Bucks, including a narrative drawn up by himself, and copious extracts of his letters. By the Rev. JOHN SCOTT, A.M. 12mo. pp. 502. With a handsome steel portrait. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and 303 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the richest and most instructive biographies, presented to the public by the son of its subject, who draws largely from a personal narrative prepared by the great commentator himself. Dr. Scott is well known to the Christian world, by his valuable commentary on the Scriptures; and few who have that in their possession, but will be anxious to know more of the man personally. Once a poor boy struggling hard with difficulties, at twenty-five he entered the ministry an unconverted man; but like Chalmers, after a few years, he was brought by the power of the Spirit to a knowledge of the truth. He became a man of very extended usefulness. His Life should be in the hands of every young man entering life. In his struggles and final elevation they have an excellent pattern.

**THE RIGHT WAY**, or the Gospel applied to the Intercourse of Individuals and Nations. A premium Essay on Peace. By the Rev. JOSEPH A. COLLIER, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, Geneva, New York. pp. 303. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and 303 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The late Thomas A. Merrill, D.D., of Middlebury, Vermont, offered \$500 for the best "Essay on Peace," together with \$600 to perpetuate it in the Society's Evangelical Family Library. This is that for which the premium was awarded. The first part, consisting

of six chapters, is devoted to the intercourse of individuals, the duties relating to human intercourse, the motives to the right way, with a consideration of objections and difficulties, and an application of the principles to the family, the neighborhood, and the Church. The second part, of ten chapters, to the intercourse of nations, the evils of war, pleas for war, war tested by reason and the Gospel, arbitration as a substitute for war, the blessings of peace, and its future triumph; with an appeal to rulers, citizens, philanthropists, to the young, to women, to ministers, and to Christians generally.

**GEMS FROM THE CORAL ISLANDS.** Western Polynesia, comprising the New Hebrides Group, the Loyalty Group, the New Caledonian Group. By the Rev. WILLIAM GILL, Raratonga. pp. 232. Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, 265 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

This is the day of missions, and in few parts of the missionary field is there more abundant fruit than in the islands sketched in this interesting book. The author has been laboring as a missionary on the spot for seventeen years. He describes the introduction of Christianity into the islands of three of the largest groups of Western Polynesia,—including the islands of Mare, Fate, Erromanga, Fotuna, Aneiteum, Lifu, Toka, Uea, New Caledonia, Pines, and Tana, the formation of native churches, the character of native evangelists, their work, its results. This would be a very interesting book for the Sabbath School, as well as for the family, and the lover of missions everywhere.

**DEATH-BED TRIUMPHS OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS.** Exemplifying the Power of Religion in a Dying Hour. Compiled by the Rev. JABEZ BURNS. Revised by the Editor of the Board. pp. 191. Philadelphia, Presbyterian Board of Publication, 265 Chestnut Street.

Few places has religion a stronger test than in the face of death. To see the spiritual laborer retiring from the field of toil to enjoy the repose of heaven, to behold the Christian warrior laying aside his armor, and waiting to receive from the hands of the Captain of his salvation the imperishable wreath, to witness the transit of a sanctified spirit to the pure felicities of an everlasting home, are subjects worthy of Christian meditation, and to dwell with pious reflection on them is both instructive and profitable. In these *Death-bed Triumphs*, we have recorded the closing scenes of life of some fifty-four eminent followers of Jesus, in every walk of life, including Bede, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Beza, Rutherford, and kindred spirits.

Also, published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication,

**THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN.** An Address to Boys and Girls. By the Rev. N. WARREN, Greenock.

ELLEN SINCLAIR, or the Earnest Inquirer. A True Narrative.

LITTLE KADORE, the Royal Beggar Boy. And MAURICE SULLIVAN, the Poor Irish Boy.

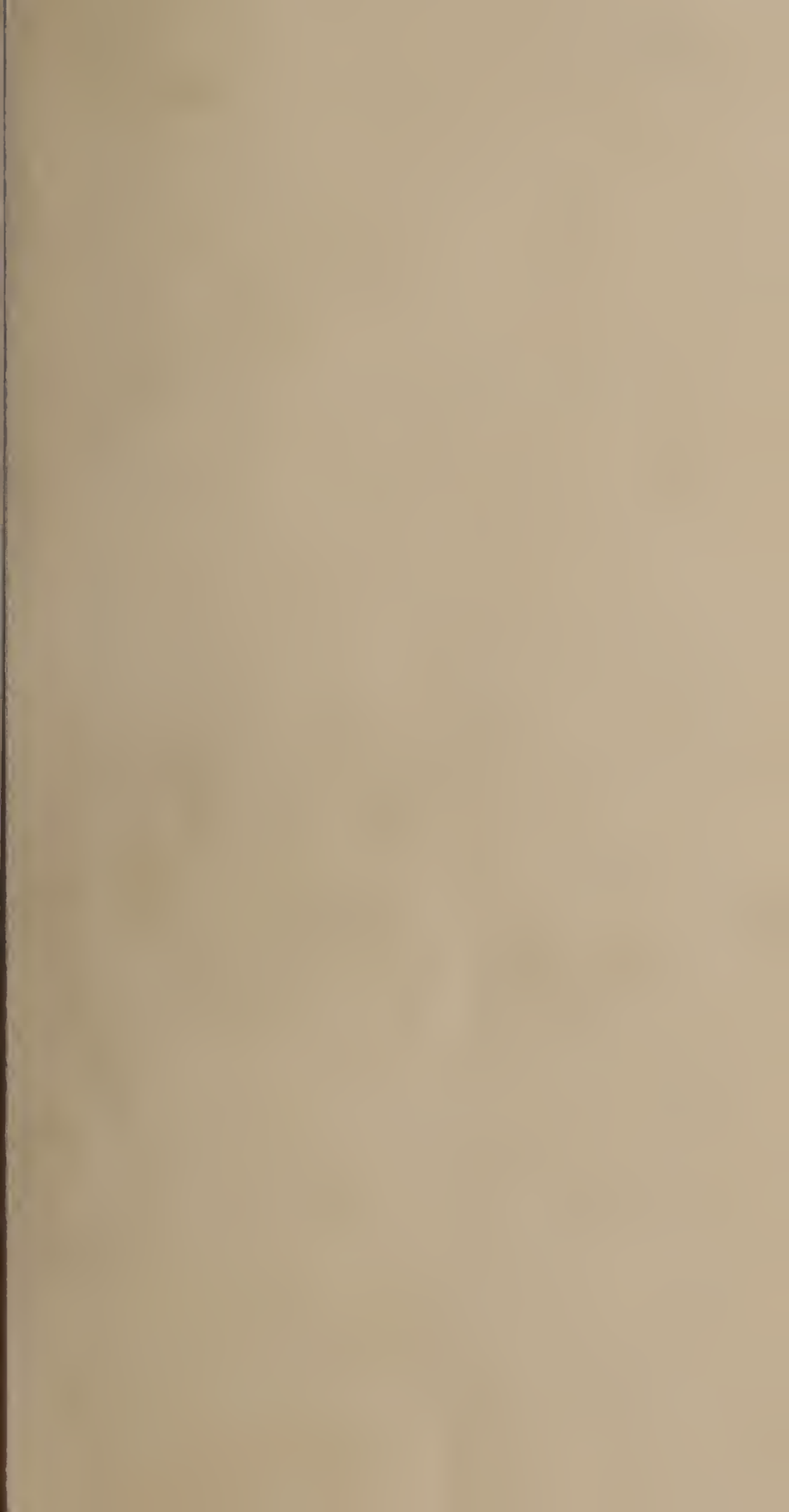
The above are very interesting for children, and suitable for the Sabbath School.

THE REFORM TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY,  
CINCINNATI.

THIS Society we are glad to learn is doing a good work in the Books and Tracts it is distributing throughout the country, on the great questions of Freedom and Slavery. Its latest issue comes from the pen of our distinguished brother in that city, Rev. R. Patterson, who while laboring in open air preaching, with many of the ministers in Cincinnati, was assailed, and challenged to a street discussion; which attracted thousands, even during the heat of the election excitement, and was continued for three successive Sabbaths. At the close of the discussion a number of non-christian gentlemen waited upon Mr. Patterson and stated, that the reasonings brought forward during the discussion were new to them,—that they did not suppose that Christians had so much to say for their religion,—and that they were desirous to hear such subjects discussed at greater length than the exigencies of a street discussion permitted. One gentleman stated that he had attended church with considerable regularity for twenty-two years, but had never before heard a statement of the Historical Evidence for the truth of the Gospel. A number of others united in the request for a Series of Lectures on the Evidences of Religion. Some gentlemen who heard these lectures, desirous of extending their usefulness, proposed each to pay the cost of stereotyping a Lecture, and printing it as a penny tract, for broadcast distribution. The first two are now printed, and four others are in progress.

No. 23. *Did the World make Itself*, is an exposure of the folly of Atheism, and particularly of the old dogma so confidently put forward by modern infidels, that Matter is eternal; which is pursued through the Aqueous, Igneous, and Atomic theories, and reduced in each case to the plain English absurdity, that "*The Paving-stones made themselves.*" Paley's argument for a designing Creator, from the marks of design in the eye, is then familiarly exhibited; and the induction is carried onwards to prove that the Former of the human eye must possess the desire to observe, and unlimited power of discerning multitudes of objects, at any range of distance, in imperfect light, and in the most accurate manner. "He that formed the eye shall he not see?"

No. 24. *Is God Every Body and Every Body God?* is an exposure of Pantheism as 1, Antiquated; 2, Hypocritical; 3, Demoralizing; 4, Atheistic. It is exhibited as having rotted and putrified among the worshippers of cats, monkeys, and holy bulls on the banks of the Ganges, for more than two thousand years; though now hooked up out of its dunghill, and hawked about among christian people as a prime, new discovery of modern philosophy for getting rid of Almighty God. The identity of the Pantheism of Emerson and the "Vestiges" System of Development with the doctrine of the Hindoo Shasters, is proved by copious extracts. Every father of a family should put these tracts into the hands of his children. They are well written: if properly understood, they will aid as a preventive against the approaches of infidelity.



FOR LIBRARY USE ONLY



FOR LIBRARY USE ONLY

